

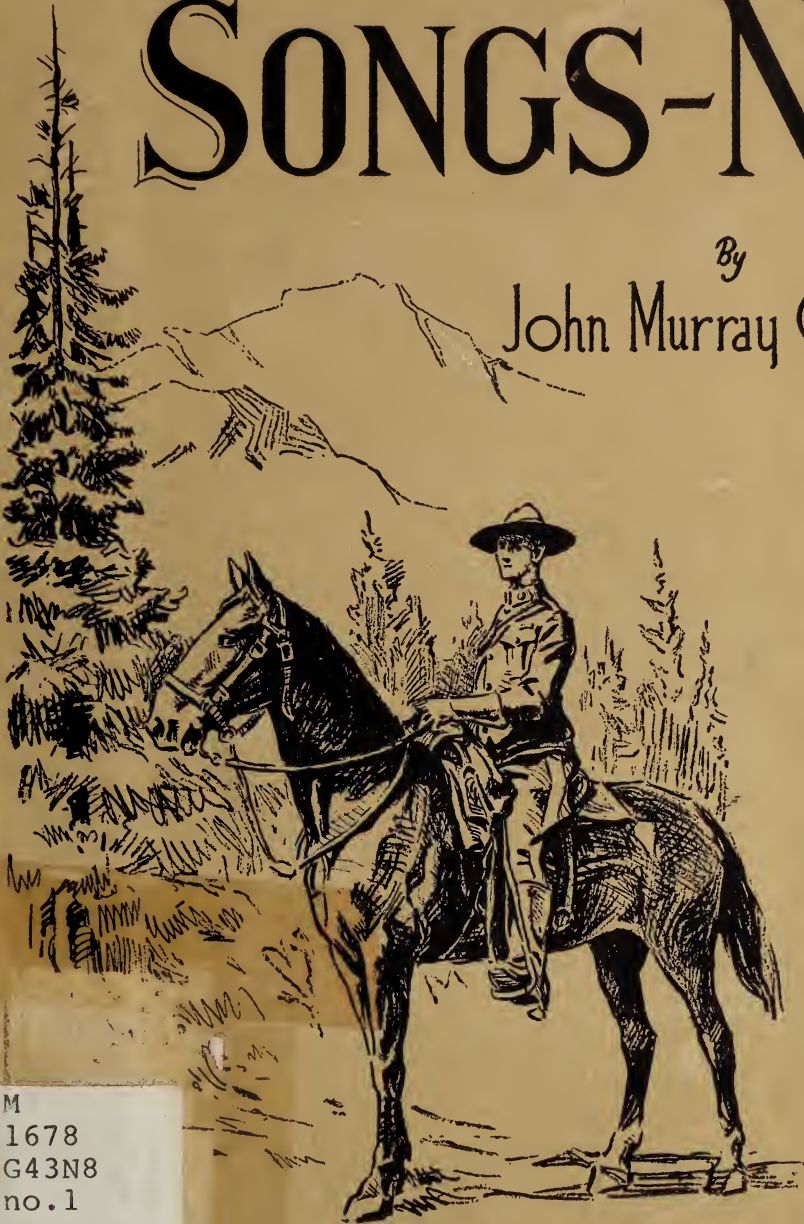
UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA LIBRARY



0 0002 3070 758

NORTHLAND SONGS-Nº1

By
John Murray Gibbon



PRICE 25 CENTS

M
1678
G43N8
no.1

MUSIC

**GORDON V. THOMPSON
LIMITED**

193 YONGE ST.

TORONTO



EX LIBRIS
UNIVERSITATIS
ALBERTÆNSIS



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2018 with funding from
University of Alberta Libraries

<https://archive.org/details/northlandsongs01gibb>

3.-

NORTHLAND SONGS -- No. 1

BY
JOHN MURRAY GIBBON

Price 25 Cents

Copyright U. S. A. MCMXXXVI by
Gordon V. Thompson Limited Toronto, Canada
International Copyright
Printed in U. S. A.

CONTENTS

CANOE SONG.....	6
THE MOUNTAIN STREAM.....	7
VOYAGEUR SONG	8
CRADLE SONG	9
ON THE COOL ATLANTIC SHORE.....	10
MEADOW LARK.....	11
IN THE GARDEN I LOVE.....	12
SWEET NELLY, MY PRAIRIE FLOWER	13
DOWN IN THE COULEE.....	14
SONGSTERS OF SPRING.....	15
THE BLUE LAURENTIAN HILLS.....	16
CANNING SONG	17
UP ON THE AMBER ATHABASKA.....	18
FORGET-ME-NOT	19
THE MOUNTIE.....	20
OLD TIME CHRISTMAS.....	22



Author's Note

These Northland Songs were written to fine old tunes which were brought to North America by settlers from the British Isles and Europe. In some cases the words to which they were once sung have been forgotten; in other cases the original words are in languages not generally spoken in the new land.

In writing new words to old tunes I have followed the example set by Robert Burns, Tom Moore and many other song writers. I have tried to keep to the spirit of the music, writing words which are easy to sing.

Friends of mine who are teaching music in our schools have asked to have these Northland Songs in a convenient edition for classroom use.

John Murray Gibbon.



Canoe Song

Melody from a German Pilgrim Song of the 15th Century. As so much of the pioneering in Canada was done by canoe along waterways, this seemed to be an appropriate tune for the lyric, which should be sung as if to the rhythm of a paddle.

John Murray Gibbon

Old German Pilgrim Song

In paddling rhythm

Key Eb { : d | d : - : d | m : - : m | s : - : - | s : - : s }

A - long the tree - girt by - ways In
A - cross a lake en - chan - ted A
A - round the camp - fire ly - ing, We

{ s : - : s | l : - : l | s : - : - | m : - : d | d : - : d | m : - : m }

cool ad - ven - ture glid - ing, Our on - ly guide the
lone - ly loon is call - ing; On riv - er beav - er
see the dark re - veal - ing A hun - ter - night - bird

{ s : - : - | s : - : s | s : - : s | l : - : l | s : - : - | t : - : t }

sky - ways Where sun and moon go rid - ing, In
haun - ted The au - tumn leaves are fall - ing; To
fly - ing, The deer to wa - ter steal - ing, The

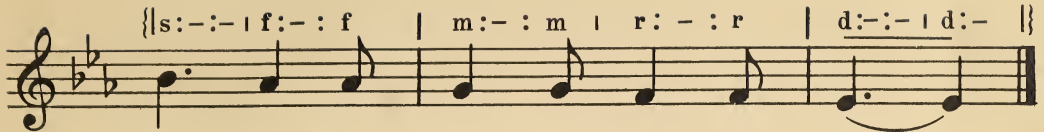
{ d' : - : d' | t : - : l | s : - : - | m : - : s | s : - : s | l : - : l }

wa - ters still and run - ning, With thrust of an - cient
mos - sy bank and mead - ow, Ere night can veil in
stars of myr - iad num - ber; And in our dream - y

Canoe Song

7

{|s:-:-|f:-:f | m:-:m | r:-:r | d:-:-|d:- |}



cun - ning We pad - dle our can - oe. _____
 shad - ow, We pad - dle our can - oe. _____
 slum - ber We pad - dle our can - oe. _____

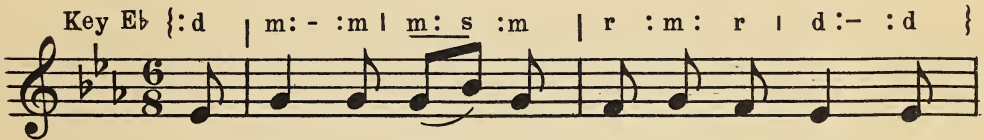
The Mountain Stream

Traditional Gaelic melody from the Scottish Highlands.

John Murray Gibbon

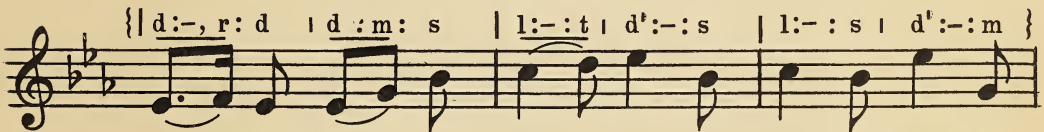
Tune "Where Sleeps the Queenly Maiden"

Key Eb {|d | m:-:m | m:s:m | r:m:r | d:-:d |}



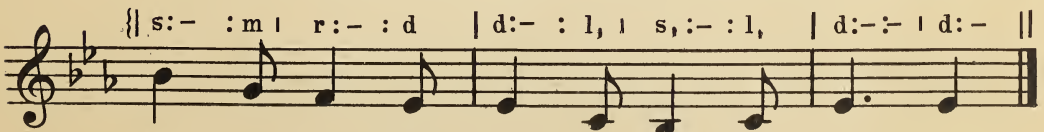
I flow, I flow_ in rip - ple and mirth From
 I flow, I flow_ and, go - ing my way, I
 I flow, I flow_ and jaun - ti - ly roam The

{|d:-,r:d | d:m:s | l:-:t | d':-:s | l:-:s | d':-:m |}



springs that well_ in moun - tain, And none can stay, for
 need no man_ to guide me, Con - tent to greet the
 tin - y world_ al - lowed me; I dance a - long, un -

{|s:-:m | r:-:d | d:-:l, | s:-:l, | d:-:-|d:- |}



Moth - er Earth Has nev - er fail - ing foun - tain.
 sun by day And flow'rs in bloom be - side me.
 til in foam The riv - er rap - ids shroud me.

Voyageur Song

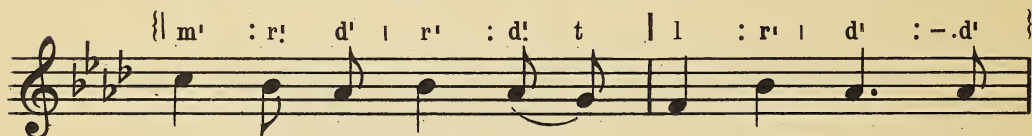
Old French folk melody "La Rose Blanche" mentioned by R. M. Ballantyne in "Hudson Bay" as a favourite paddling song with the voyageurs of the fur brigades in Western Canada.

John Murray Gibbon

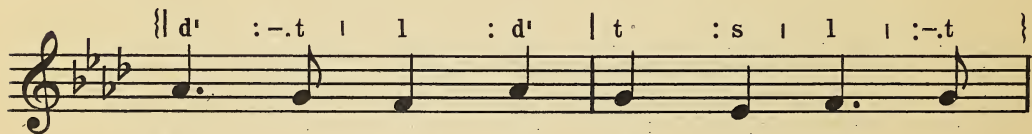
Tune- "La Rose Blanche"
French Canadian Folksong



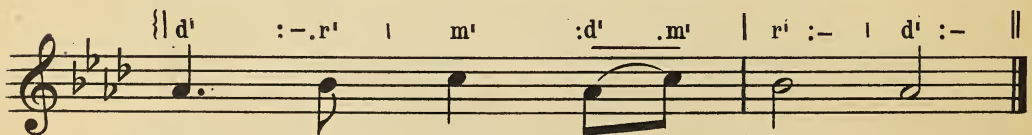
1. Ho! for the life of a voy - a - geur!
2. Ho! for the tumb - ling - rap - id's roar!
3. Ho! for the land of the Ind - ian brave,
4. Hard is our la - bour and low the wage;



Ho! for the haunts of — game and fur! We
Ho! for the rest on — lone lake shore! We
Hun - ter and trap - per and no man's slave; His
Heav - y the pack on the long port - age; But



drive a - long the old can - oe, And
lie be - neath the old can - oe, And
squaw is in his bark can - oe, His
o - ver - head we swing can - oe With



comb the bank for — beav - er.
sleep be - side the — riv - er.
ar - rows in his — quiv - er.
brawn - y arm as — lev - er.

Cradle Song

9

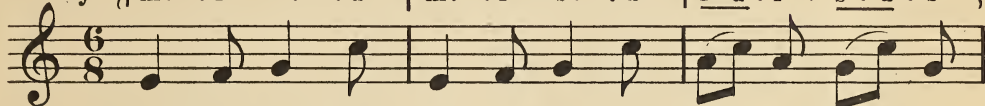
Melody from a barcarolle, or song of a Venetian gondolier, by W. A. Mozart.
Should be sung in perfect rhythm.

John Murray Gibbon

Tune-Barcarolle

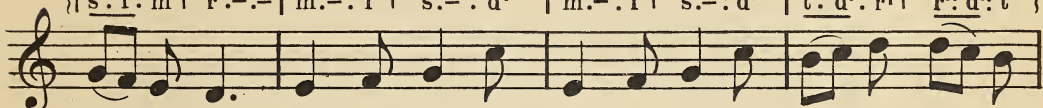
W. A. Mozart

Key C { m:-:f | s:-:d' | m:-:f | s:-:d' | l:d':l | s:d':s }



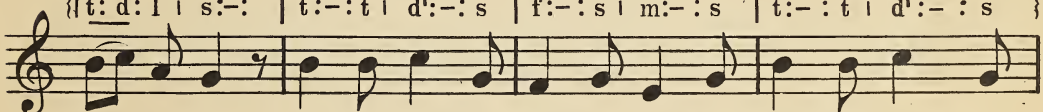
Lull'd in slum-ber - lilt of riv - er, Cra-dled soft in
You shall grow a stur-dy gi - ant, Rang-ing realm of
Cit - ies plann'd in state-ly splen-dour You shall found with

{ s:f:m | r:-: | m:-:f | s:-:d' | m:-:f | s:-:d' | t:d':r' | r':d':t }



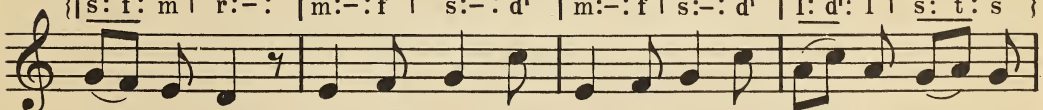
light ca - noe, Lie in sleep that not a quiv-er From the rap-ids
wide do-main, In your know-ledge self-re-li - ant You'll en - rich the
lof - ty halls; Spend-ing gold that mines sur-ren-der, You shall har-ness

{ t:d:l | s:-: | t:-:t | d':-:s | f:-:s | m:-:s | t:-:t | d':-:s }



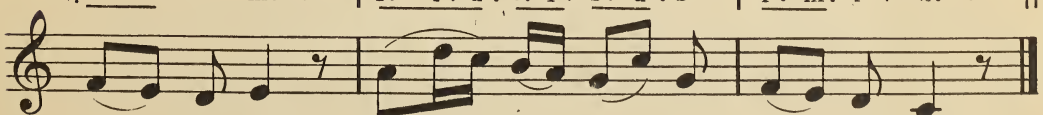
can un-do. All the while my brain is weav-ing Cloth of dreams for
land you gain; Clear the for-est, tame the prai-rie, Fence the home-stead
wa - ter-falls. From At-lant - ic to Pa - cif - ic, North to grip of

{ s:f:m | r:-: | m:-:f | s:-:d' | m:-:f | s:-:d' | l:d':l | s:t:s }



life a-head, Life of work be - yond be-liev-ing, Trails for har - dy
and the ranch, Pas-ture cat-tle for the dai-ry Gath-er fruit from
Po - lar Sea, You shall draw a might-y traffic Till you hold the

{ f:m:r | m:-: | l:r'.d':t.l | s:d':s | f:m:r | d:-:- }



men to tread. Trails for har - dy men to tread.
lad - en branch. Gath - er fruit from lad - en branch.
world in feel Till you hold the world in feel

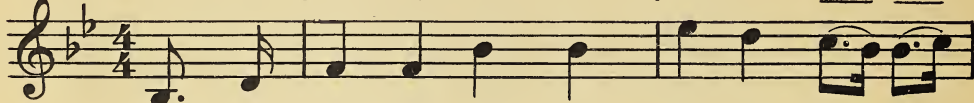
On the Cool Atlantic Shore

Melody from a Sea Chantey heard in Nova Scotia.

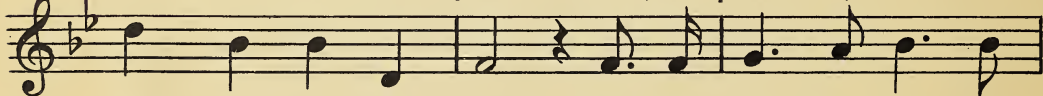
John Murray Gibbon

Tune—Yankee Harbour

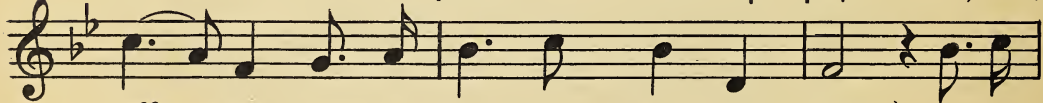
Key Bb { : d, ., m, | s_f : s_f | d : d | f : m | r., d: d., r }



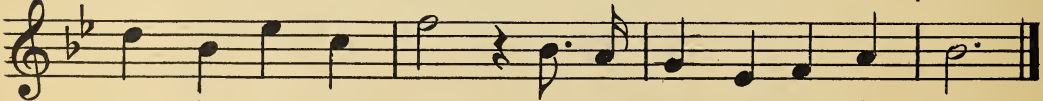
Can't you hear the cur - lew call - ing when the
In the tide are tree - crown'd is - lands, in the
On a hill an an - cient ram-part held the
From the har - bour comes a chant - ey that some

$$\{ |m\rangle : d \rightarrow d : m, \quad |s_i\rangle : -1 : s_i, s_i \rightarrow 1 : -1, t_i \rightarrow d : -1, d \}$$


keen south-east-ers blow, With a schoo-n-er in the
 air is tang of brine; Un-der foot are tawn-y
 French-men in their day, And the hay is sweet with
 home-come sail-or sings, And my heart is turn-ing

$$\{ \{ r :- t_i \mid s_i : l_i, \quad t_i \mid d :- r \mid d : m_i \mid s_i :- i : d, \quad r \} \}$$


off - ing, and the gorse in gold - en glow
need - les on a trail through rock and pine,
clov - er in the dyke - land of Grand Pré
sea - ward with en - chant - ment that it brings

$$||m : d \vdash f : r \quad | s : -1 : d., \quad t_1 \quad | l_1 : f_1 \vdash s_1 : t_1 \quad | d : -1 - ||$$


cool At - lan - tic shore, On the cool At - lan - tic shore.

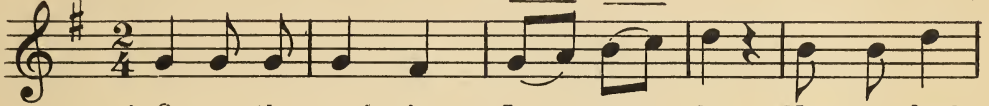
Meadow Lark

11

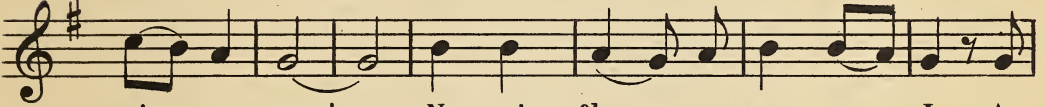
Melody from an Icelandic folksong still sung by those of Icelandic descent in Winnipeg.

John Murray Gibbon

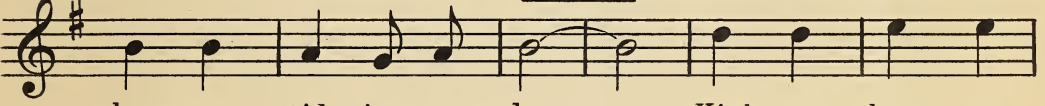
Tune- Icelandic Folksong

Key G { | d : d. d | d : t, | d . r : m . f | s : | m . m : s }


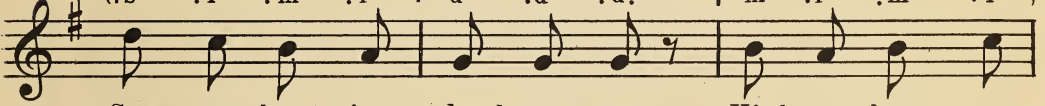
1. O-ver the prai-rie Love came by; Mead-ow lark,
2. O-ver the ripe wheat Love came by; Mead-ow lark,
3. O-ver the home-stead Love comes by; Mead-ow lark,

{ | f . m : r | d : - | d : - | m : m | r : d . r | m : m . r | d : d }


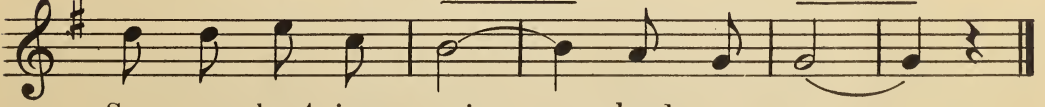
sing your song! — No spring flow-er so gay as — I As
sing your song! — Reap-ers whirred and glad was — I For
sing last song! — Birds in Fall — now southbound fly But

{ | m : m | r : d . r | m : - | m : - | s : s | l : l }


love came rid - ing a - long. — High a - bove me
days were sun - ny and long; — Harv-est moon to
Love keeps rid - ing a - long. — Love-song warms my

{ | s . f : m . r | d . d : d. | m . r : m . f }


Sun was hunt-ing cloud a - way. High a - bove me
light us on our home-ward way, Harv-est moon to
heart on ev - 'ry win - ter day, Love-song warms my

{ | s . s : l . f | m : - | m : r . d | d : - | d : }


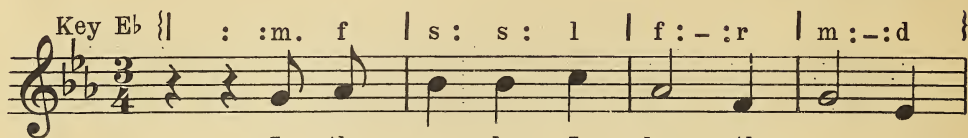
Sun was hunt-ing rain - cloud a - way. —
light us on our home - go - ing way. —
heart on ev - 'ry cold — win - ter day. —

In The Garden I Love

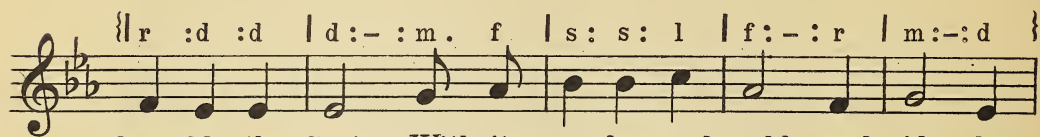
Old Irish melody "Molly, My Dear" which was used for a song by Thomas Moore

John Murry Gibbon

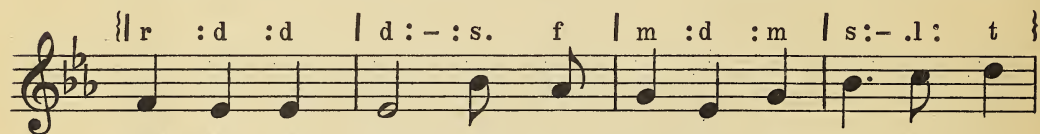
Molly, My Dear
(Old Irish)



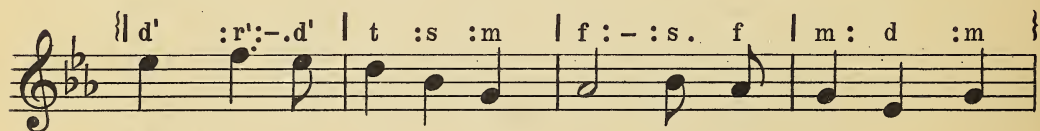
1. In the gar-den I love, the cro-cus
2. In the gar-den I love, the blue-bell



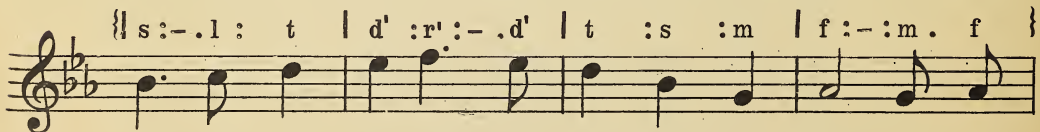
her-alds the Spring With its am-ber and gold, and id-ly
dan-ces so neat, And the pe-on-y blooms till rose has



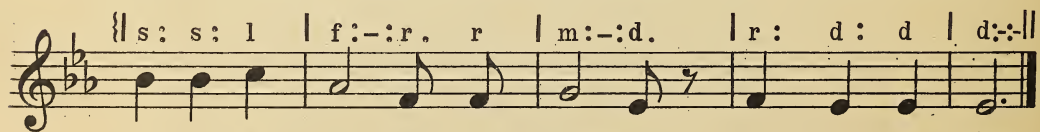
daf-fo-dils swing, And the prim-rose and wall flow-er
June at its feet; Then the li-ly a-ris-es a



flaunt in a bed as they please, And the vi-o-let
vir-gin so Par-a-dise-white, And the jas-mine be-



coy-ly en-ti-ces the blue-hunt-ing bees, And the
hind with an in-cense per-fum-ing the night, And the



tu-lip has lu-min-ous scep-tre, proud as a King.
sal-vi-a, scar-let till Au-tumn, all hon-ey-sweet.

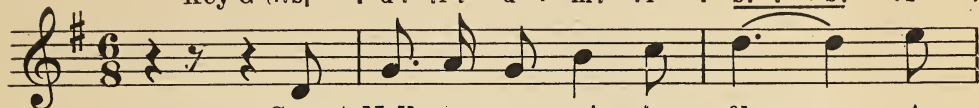
Sweet Nelly, My Prairie Flower

Melody from an English ballad "The Farmer's Son," popular in the early years of the Eighteenth Century.

John Murray Gibbon

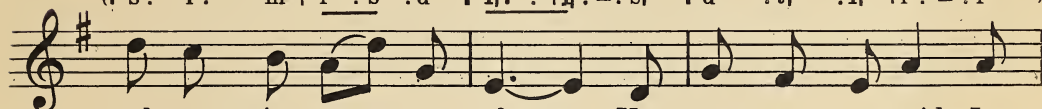
Tune - The Farmer's Son (circ. 1728)

Key G | : s, | d : - r : d | m : - : f | s : - : s : - : l | }



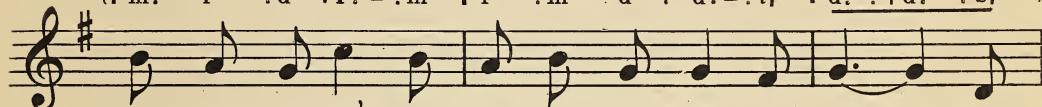
Sweet Nell-y my prair-ie flower, - As
Sweet Nell-y my prair-ie queen, - You

| : s : f : m | r : s : d | l, : - : l, : - : s, | d : t, : l, r : - : r | }



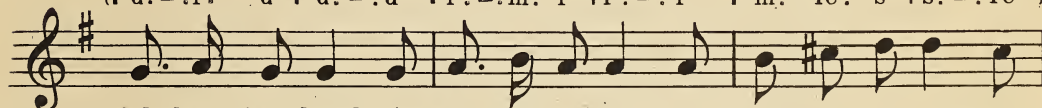
wel-come in sun_ or shower, You come as a maid In
rule in a wide de - mesne; We all must ob - ey Your

| : m : r : d | f : - : m | r : m d | d : - : t, | d : - : d : - : s, | }



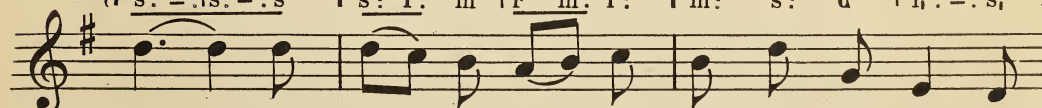
gar - land ar-ray'd, You rogue with your el - fin power. - You
whim - si - cal sway, No re - bel to in - ter - vene. - With

| : d : - r : d | d : - : d | r : - : m : r | r : - : r | m : fe : s | s : - : fe | }



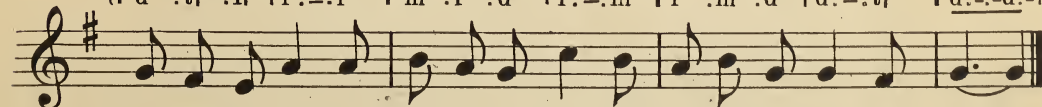
fol-low the herd As gay as a bird, And whis-tle a count-ry
ma-gic - al art You drive ev'-ry heart For you all a-lone to

| : s : - : s : - : s | s : f : m | r m : f : | m : s : d | l, : - : s, | }



air; - The notes are high As fair - y can fly, The
beat; - We plough and sow, For thresh-ing we mow The

| : d : t, : l, r : - : r | m : r : d | f : - : m | r : m d | d : - : t, | d : - : d : - : l | }



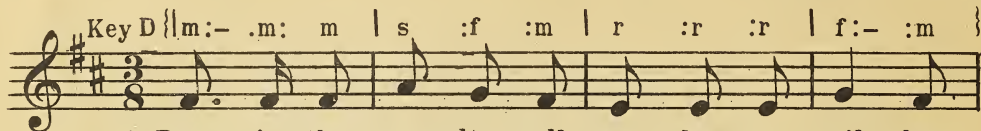
blue of the sky Is held in your eye, The sun in your gold-en hair. -
grain that we grow, And loy-all-y throw Our harvest be-neath your feet. -

Down In The Coulee

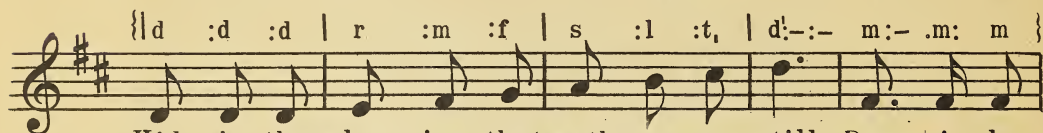
Melody from a Swedish folksong "Astri, mi Astri" very popular among the Swedish communities of Western Canada.

John Murray Gibbon

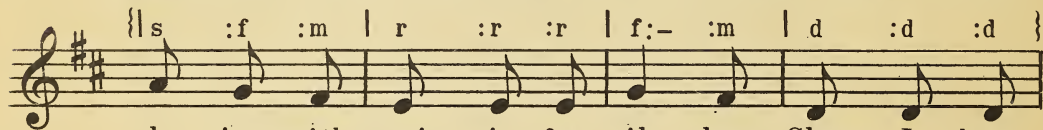
Tune- "Astri, mi Astri"
Swedish Folksong



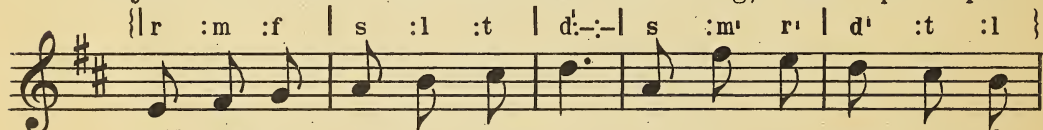
1. Down in the cou-lee all un-der a wil-low,
2. Down in the cou-lee the grass-es are grow-ing



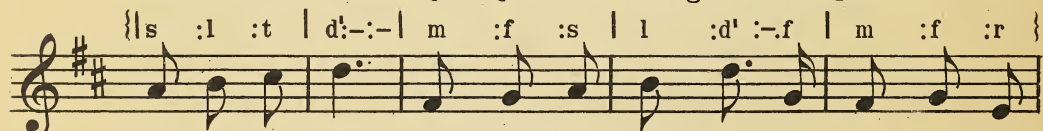
Hid in the gloam-ing that gath-ers so still; Dream-i-ly
Green in the sun when the harv-est is gold; Tan-sy and



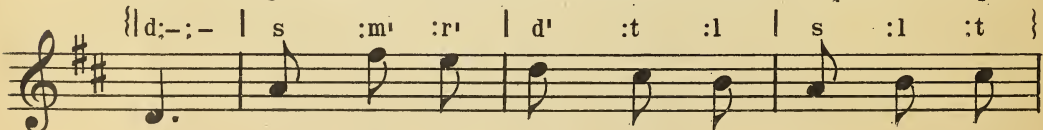
ly-ing with prair-ie for pil-low, Clear I hear
yar-row and milk-weed are blow-ing, Late pur-ple



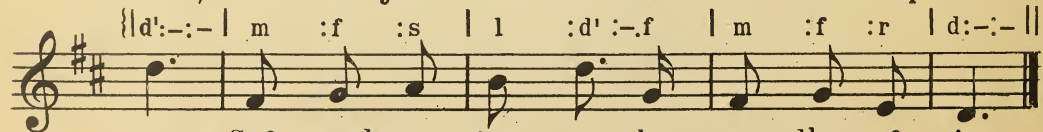
call-ing the lone whip-poor-will. Bring me a rose from the
ast-ers their hon-ey up-hold. Bring me bou-quet that the



gar-den at home, Ap-ples from orch-ard and grape from the
ant-e-lope knew, Scent from the bloom where no plow can pre-



vine; Bring me a path that a-gain I may
vail, Wild hy-a-cinth with its bell-cap of



roam Soft und-er foot on the nee-dles of pine.
blue, Gold-en-rod sway-ing by buf-fa-lo trail.

Songsters Of Spring

15

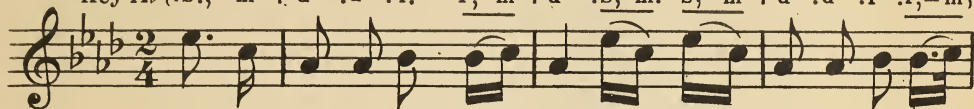
Melody from a popular German song of the latter half of the Eighteenth Century when a number of German settlers came to Eastern Canada. The last verse gives the musical chant of the Whitethroat.

John Murray Gibbon

Tune - "Liebeszauber"

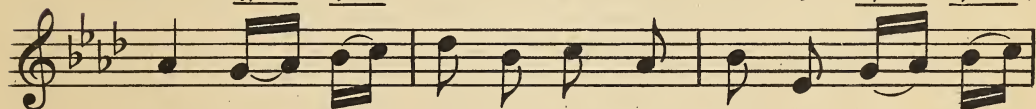
Schulz (1747-1800)

Key Ab { :s., m | d .d :r. r, m | d :s, m. s, m | d .d :r .r, -m }



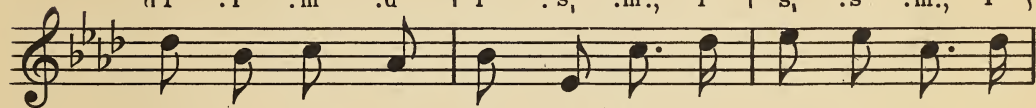
1. Wel-come, im-mi-grant on wing, Rob-in, pi-on-eer of
2. Wel-come, A-ri-il sky on wing, Blue-bird, par-a-gon of
3. Wel-come, mel-od-ist on wing, White throat, troubadour of

{ d :t., d. r, m | f .r :m .d | r .s, :t., d. r, m }



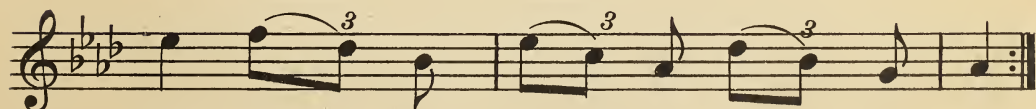
spring, From the South your sun-tan bear-ing, In your
spring, In the orch-ard plum-age flaunt-ing, Qua-ver -
spring! In the cool-er North you glo-ry, And un -

{ f .r :m .d | r .s, :m., f | s, .s :m., f }



ear-ly nest de-clar-ing "Nev-er fear for I am
ing a plain song haunt-ing, Nev-er flute or lilt of
tir-ing chant our sto-ry, Mon-a - tone the sweet-est

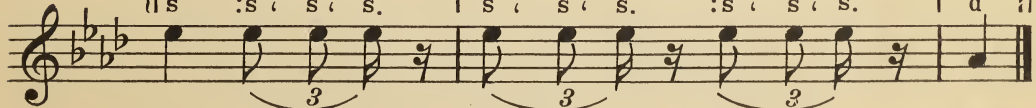
{ s :l, f, r | s, m, d :f, r, t, d }



here" Hur-ry-ing on as you cheer-i-ly sing.
lute Sound-ed more ten-der than tone that you sing.

(Third Verse)

{ s :s, s, s. | s, s, s. :s, s, s. | d }



known, Can-a-da, Can-a-da, Can-a-da, sing.

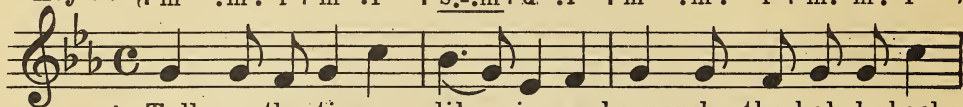
The Blue Laurentian Hills

Melody from an old Basque folksong. There were Basque fishing boats in the St. Lawrence early in the Sixteenth Century.

John Murray Gibbon

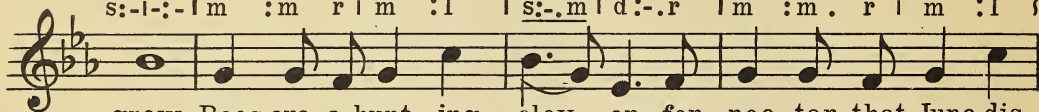
Basque Folk Tune

Key Eb | m : m . r | m : l | s : - . m | d : r | m : m . r | m . m . l | }



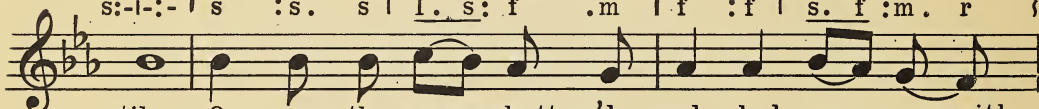
1. Tall are the ti-ger- lil - ies and queen-ly the hol-ly hocks
2. Bloom of the dew-rain fall - ing on shore-land of em-er-ald

s : - l : - | m : m r | m : l | s : - . m | d : - . r | m : m . r | m : l | }



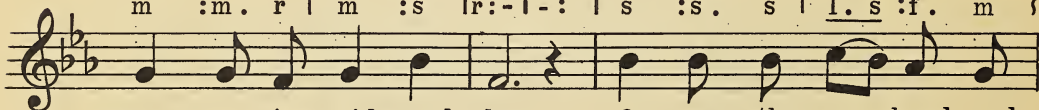
grow. Bees are a-hunt-ing clov - er for nec-tar that June dis-
rim. Bronze on the tide down-ri - ding in light that the moon-glow

s : - l : - | s : s . s | l . s : f . m | f : f | s . f : m . r | }



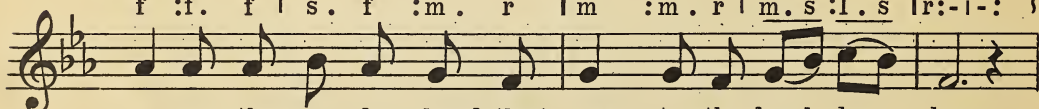
tils; O - ver the green-shutter'd gab - led man - or with
fills. Clear mon-o - tone from a bel - fry blown in

m : m . r | m : s | r : - l : - | s : s . s | l . s : f . m | }



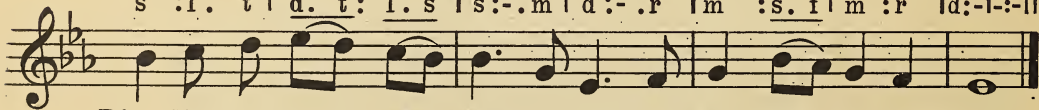
eaves cur-ving wide and low. O - ver the or-ward and
call for the ves-per hymn. Wind-ing of road like the

f : f . f | s . f : m . r | m : m . r | m . s : l . s | r : - l : - | }



o - ver the mea-dow-land that runs to the bank be - low,
beck-on-ing fin-ger as it climbs to the wood-land brim,

s : l . t | d . t : l . s | s : - . m | d : - . r | m : s . f | m : r | d : - l : - | }



Rise like the walls of fair-y land the blue Lau-ren-tian hills.
Sum-mon the thought of near-by heav'n in blue Lau-ren-tian hills.

Canning Song

17

Melody from an English folkdance tune dating back to the Seventeenth Century and still popular- called "Jenny Pluck Pears". The original words to which this tune may have been sung have been lost.

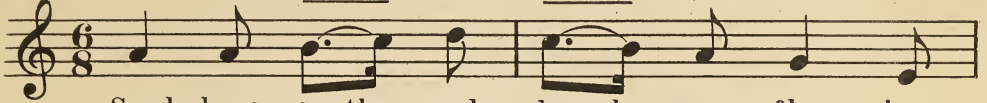
John Murray Gibbon

Tune- "Jenny Pluck Pears"

Key A Mi.

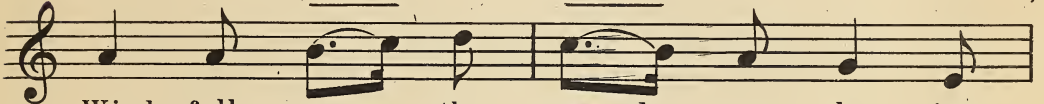
(d=C)

{ | 1: - : 1 | t : - . d' : r' | d' : - . t : 1 | s : - : m }



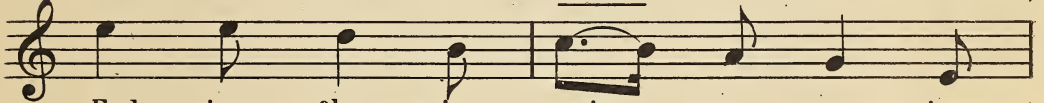
Swal - lows south - ward bound are fly - ing,
Round the orch - ard bees are hum - ming;

{ | 1: - : 1 | t : - . d' : r' | d' : - . t : 1 | s : - : m }



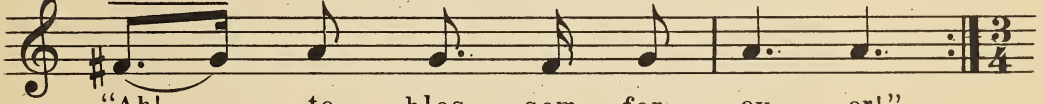
Wind - falls on the ground are ly - ing,
Well they know the win - ter's com - ing.

{ | m' : - : m' | r' : - : t | d' : - . t | 1 | s : : m }



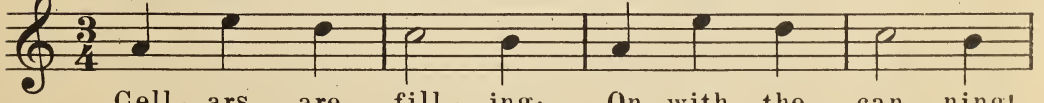
Fad - ing flowers in vain are cry - ing
With their wings the Fall is drum - ming

{ | fe : - . s : 1 | s : - . fe : s | 1 : - : 1 : - : 3/4 }



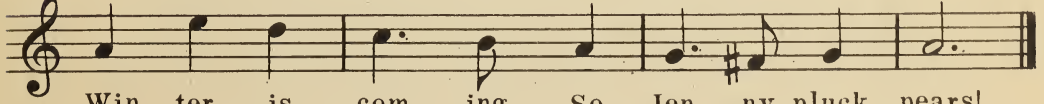
"Ah! to blos - som for - ev - er!"
"Now for hon - ey or nev - er!"

{ | 1 : m' : r' | d' : - : t | 1 : m' : r' | d' : - : t }



Cell - ars are fill - ing; On with the can - ning!

{ | 1 : m' : r' | d' : - . t : 1 | s : - . fe : s | 1 : - : 3/4 }



Win - ter is com - ing, So Jen - ny pluck pears!

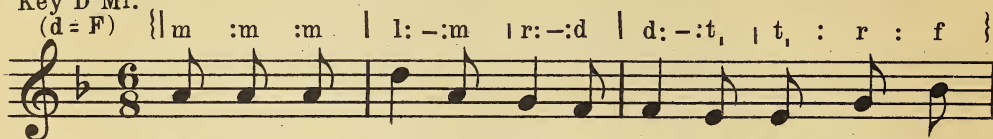
Up On The Amber Athabaska

Melody from a Ukrainian folksong, "The Roaring Dnieper," much sung by Ukrainians now settled in Canada.

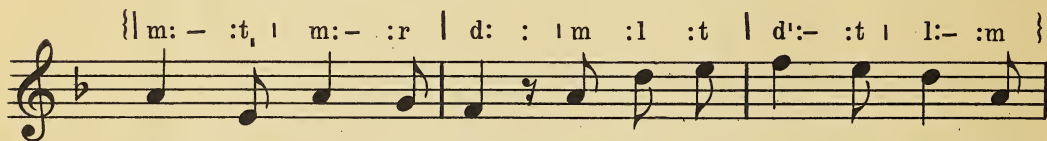
John Murray Gibbon

Tune - "The Roaring Dnieper"
Ukrainian Song by Taras Shevchenko

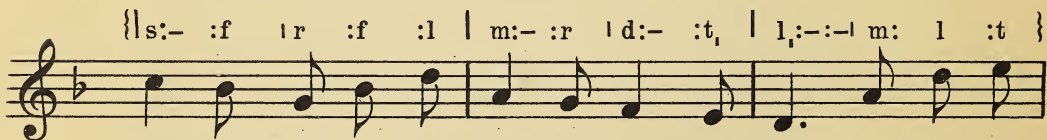
Key D Mi.
(d = F)



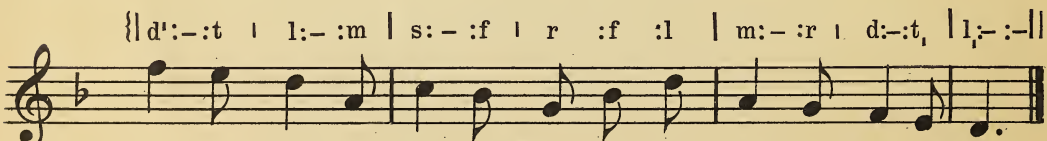
1. Up on the am-ber Ath-a - bas-ka Freight-ers are
2. Up on the am-ber Ath-a - bas-ka Sun falls as
3. Up on the am-ber Ath-a - bas-ka Sum-mer-ing
4. Up on the am-ber Ath-a - bas-ka Men who are



float-ing down the flood. Sing of the car - go they are
spang-led gold on mud. Sing of the rap - ids and the
flocks come north for brood. Sing of the young ones they are
men find liv - ing good, Trap-per, can - oe - man, min-er,



bear-ing, Piled on the deck so none can stir; Sing of the
is-lands, Can-yon, port-age and roar-ing, falls, Tar-ooz-ing
rear-ing, Mal-lard and eid - er, green-wing'd teal, Trum-pet - er
tra-der, Pack-er and camp-ing pi - on - eer. Sing of the



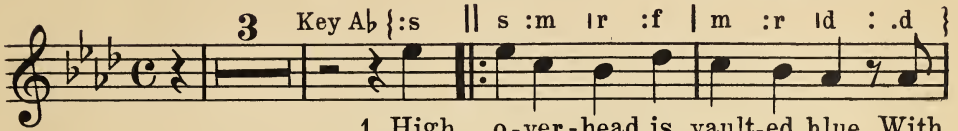
land where they are far-ing, Mus-keg and tim-ber, land of fur.
cut-bank, silt and dry-lands, Un-der-ground oil in crys-tal halls.
swan to tund-ra steer-ing. Sing of the wild-goose blue as steel.
new-come sky-in - vad-er, Pil - ot and air-man en-gin-er.

Forget-me-not

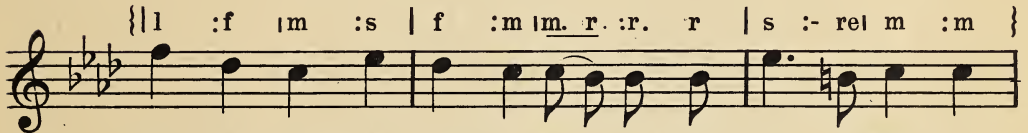
Melody from Schubert's flower-song "Das Rosenband."

John Murray Gibbon

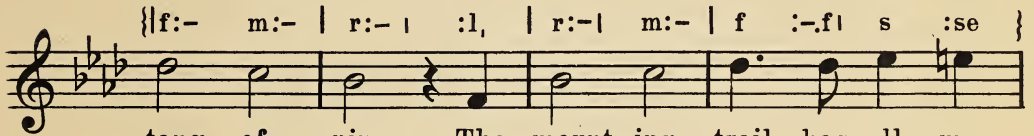
Tune - "The Rose Garland"
Franz Schubert



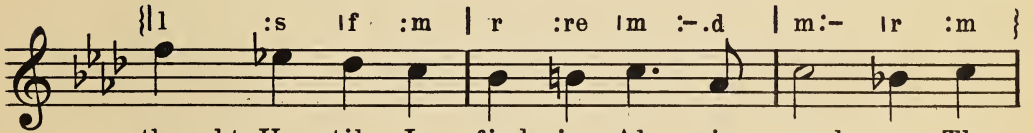
1. High o-ver-head is vault-ed blue With
2. o-ver-head I raise my eyes A -



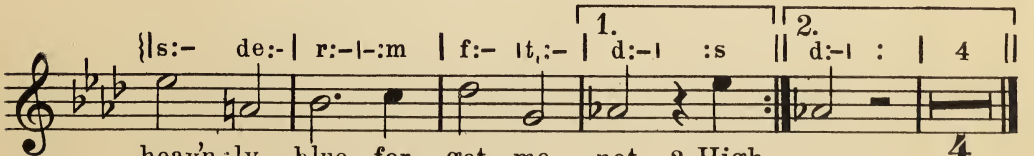
bat - tle-ments of snow-y splen-dour; The air is keen with
bove the crags in snow-y splen-dour; And there I see an



tang of pine. The mount-ing trail has all my
eag - le soar. My soul is lift - ed too in



thought, Un - til I find in Al - pine mead - ow The
thought, And so I find in Al - pine mead - ow My



heav'n-ly blue for - get - me - not. 2. High
heav'n in blue for - get - me - not.

The Mountie

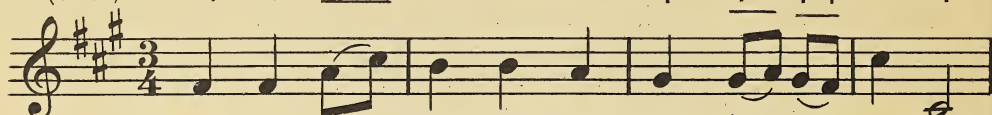
Melody which is said to have been written by a Welsh bard of the Eighth Century. Should be sung as if to the rhythm of a cantering horse.

John Murray Gibbon

Tune - Old Welsh Air of the 8th Century

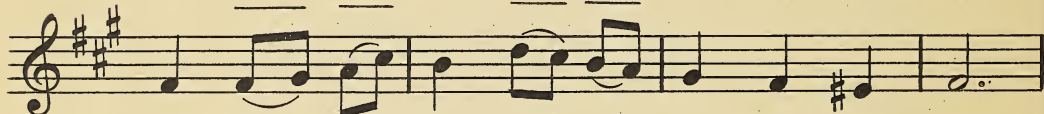
Key F# Mi.
(d = A)

{ 1, : 1, : d . m | r : r : d | t, : t, . d : t, . 1, | m : m, :- }



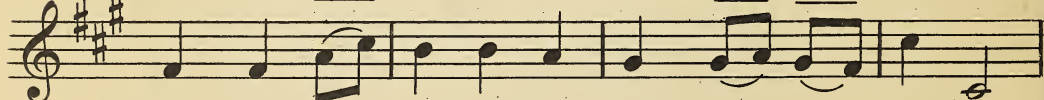
1. Muf-fled in— wind come the can - ter-ing hoof-beats,
2. Prair-ie - fire her - o, knight - er - rant of or - der,
3. So let the land that is blessed with such boun-ty

{ 1, : 1, . t, : d . m | r : f . m : r . d | t, : 1, : se, | 1, :- :- }



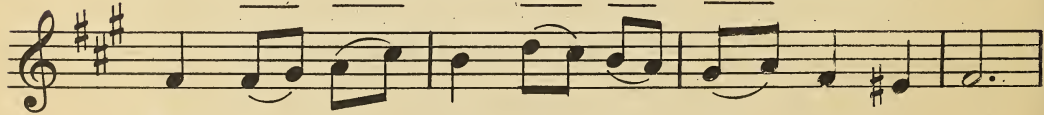
Her - ald— of— Moun - tie pat - rol - ling the trail,
Gold - train es - cort - er, the Klon - dyk - er's friend,
Hon - our— the Force, and in— tri - umph up - hold!

{ 1, : 1, : d . m | r : r : d | t, : t, . d : t, . 1, | m : m, :- }



Wel - come as— rain af - ter drought that on— roof beats,
Yuk - on and Arc - tic to farth - est South bord - er
Raise we our voi - ces and sing to— the Moun - tie

{ 1, : 1, . t, : d . m | r : f . m : r . d | t, . d : 1, : se, | 1, :- :- }



Mus - ic— to— set - tler re - mote from the rail.
Bear in— their an - nals his fame with - out end.
Gai - ly— par - ad - ing in— scar - let and gold!

|| m : m . f : s . f | r : r . m : f . r | d : d : t, | d : d : - }

Brav-ing all dan-ger, dis-dain-ing bra-va-do,
 Douk-hob-or, Es-quim-aux, bliz-zard bound trad-er,
 Red is the blood that for you may be spill-ing,

|| m : m . f : s . m | r : r . m : f . r | d . f : m . r : d . t, | d : d : - }

Ter-ror to-out-law and tough des-per-a-do,
 In-dian in flight from the en-e-my raid-er,
 Gold is—the heart that for dut-y is—will-ing;

|| m : d . r : m | r : t, . d : r | d : l, . d : t, . l, | se, : m, : }

Calm-er— of tur-bul-ent ri-ot— and for-ay,
 Fev-er-struck home-stead-er ly-ing in— squal-or,
 So let— us hon-our his splend-id de-vo-tion.

|| l, : l, . t, : d . m | r : f . m : r . d | t, : l, : se, | l, : l, : - ||

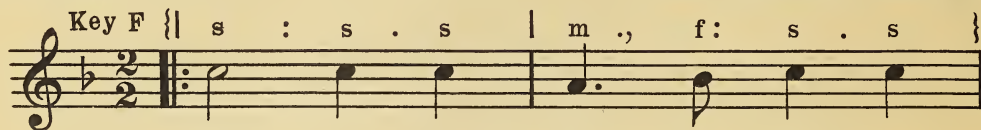
Well may he— ride in—to Can-a-da's sto-ry.
 Grate-ful re-mem-ber his care and his val-or
 Guard-ian of— Can-a-da, o-cean to o-cean!

Old Time Christmas

Melody from one of the most popular of old English folkdance tunes called "Gathering Peascods!"

John Murray Gibbon

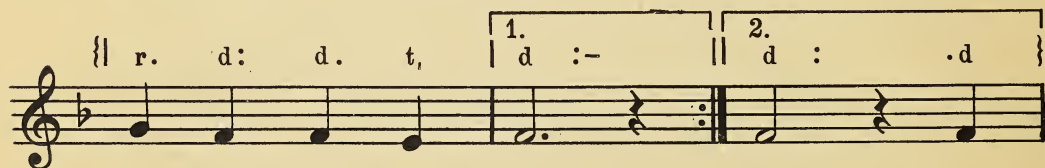
Tune "Gathering Peascods"



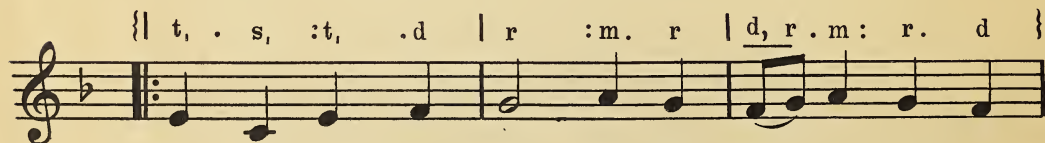
1. Pile on an - oth - er log and
Grand - fath - er's clock goes on and
2. Pile on your blan - ket coat, your
O - ver the new - come snow we'll



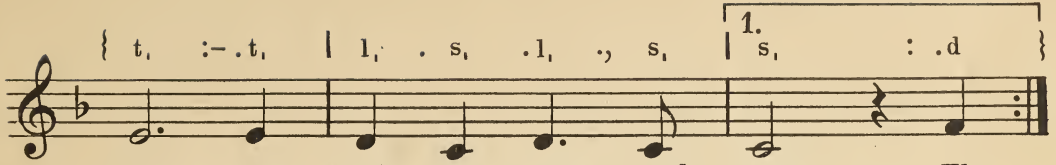
gath - er round the fire With
nev - er seems to tire, Since
gloves and coat of fur; The
drive our sleigh a - whirr Through



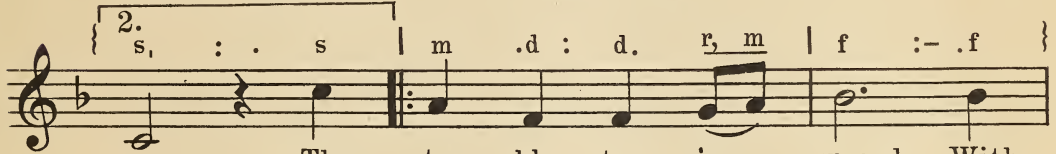
pan of pop - ping corn; A -
ev - er time was born. The
cut - ter's at the door. The
wood - land cool and frore,



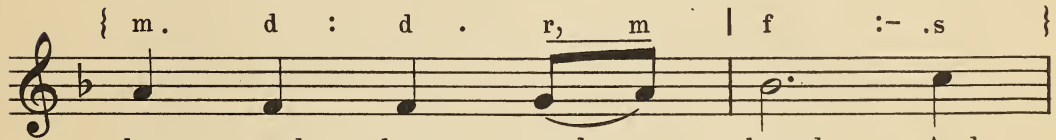
bove the in - ner lin - tel the mis - tle - toe's in
hol - ly's on the man - tel, and turk - ey on the
ros - y cheeks are ting - ling in wind that blows a -
bells are jol - ly - jing - ling, and so we join in



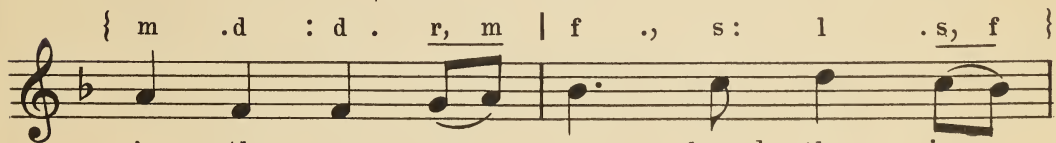
wait For maid - ens young and gay; The
plate; To - day is Christ - mas
long, And eyes are crys - tal bright. The
song, For it is Christ - mas



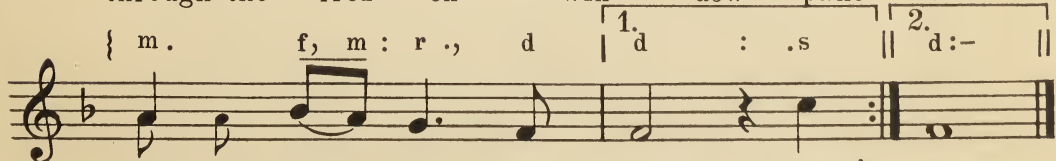
day. The ta - ble too is spread With
fig - ured chin - a ware, And
No oth - er light we need Than
night. home - ward we re - turn To



ham and home - made bread, And
mel - low is the air With
star - dust for our steed, That
where the pine - logs burn And



in the cor - ner cup - board there is
win - ter - rip - ened ap - ple scent and
scin - til - lates from purp - le roof to
through the froz - en win - dow pane we



dan - de - li - on wine. There's
tang of burn - ing pine.
iv - o - ry floor be - low, Till
see the fire - light glow.

Date Due

DATE DUE SLIP

DEC 31 1988

JUL 10 1990

F 255

M 1678 G43N8 NO-1
GIBBON JOHN MURRAY 1875-1952
NORTHLAND SONGS

39302300 MUSIC



000023070758

M 1678 G43N8 no. 1
Gibbon, John Murray, 1875-1952.
Northland songs

39302300 MUSIC

M 1678 G43N8 no. 1
Gibbon, John Murray, 1875-1952.
Northland songs

39302300 MUSIC

A39823